

BROWN STUDIES

MRS E F A BEELER

PS

3503

E26B7

1911



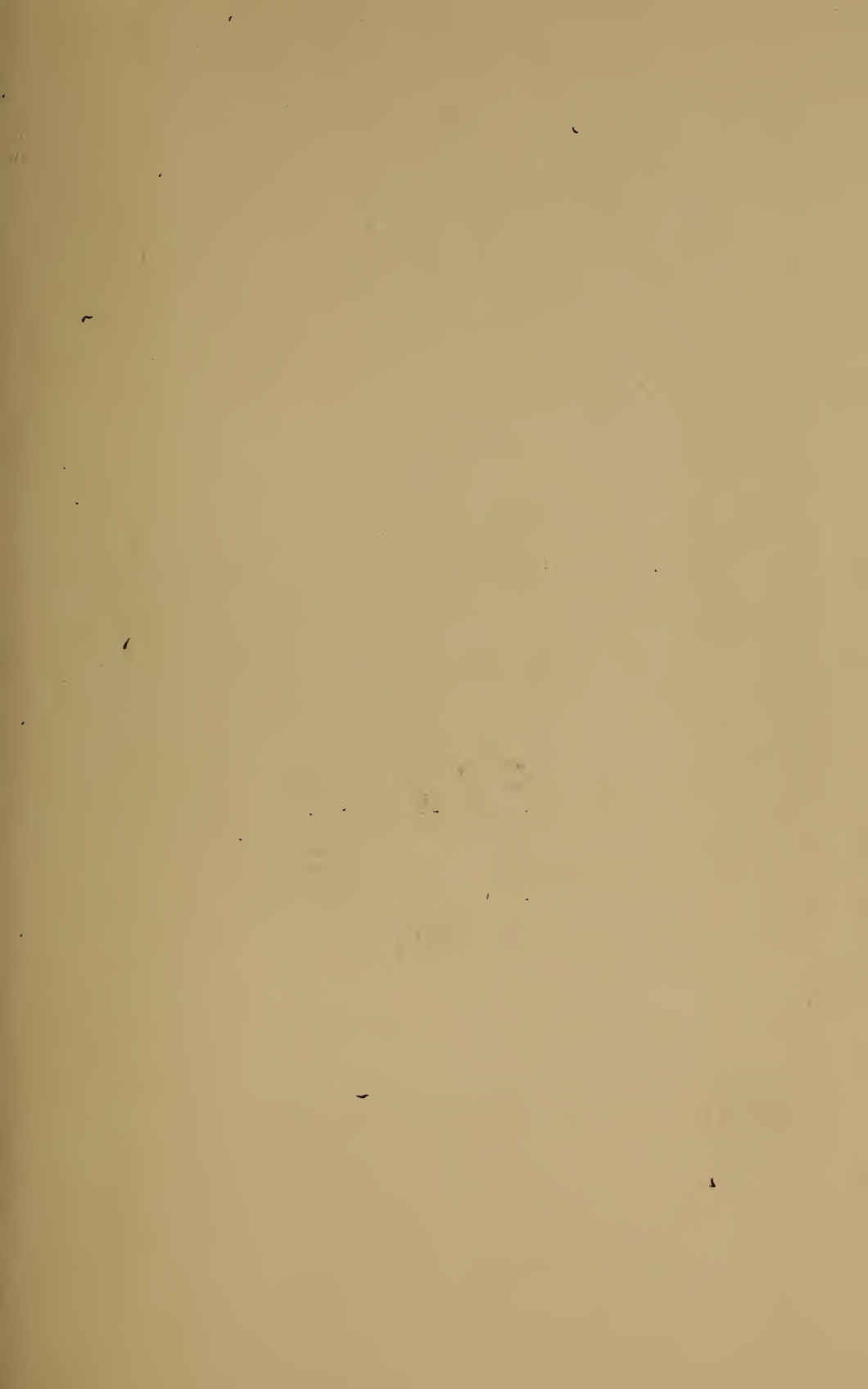


Class PS 3503

Book E 26 B7

Copyright N^o 1911

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



BROWN STUDIES

BROWN STUDIES

BY

MRS. E. F. A. BEELER



NEW YORK
THE COSMOPOLITAN PRESS
1911

PS 3503
E 26 B7
1911

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY
MRS. E. F. A. BEELER

\$1.00

©CL A303419

no 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
T HE SEVEN AGES.....	7
A PAIR OF DREAMS	31
C LIPPINGS FROM AN } O LD MAID'S DIARY }	35
M ISCELLANEOUS VERSES.....	42
A DAY'S RECKONING.....	60

BROWN STUDIES

THE SEVEN AGES

I

One summer morning he was born;
His home stood on a wild sea-coast—
A cabin,—and of all forlorn
And lonely dwellings 'twas the most.

One window and a door in front;
A huge stone chimney at the rear;
A garden-plot where 'twas the wont
Of flowers to riot year by year

With plants more useful. Near the door
A rough-hewn wooden bench was placed,
And rude stone door-step, half grown o'er
With ivy vines. The cabin faced

The open sea; to left and right
Long stretches of gray cliff were lined;
Backward a village stood in sight
With miles of moor lying behind.

In this still place his infant eyes
First opened to the light of day,

BROWN STUDIES

And gazed with innocent surprise
At all that in his vision lay.

His father was a fisherman,
Earning by toil his daily food;
Beginning when each day began,
And ending when his luck was good.

His mother (once a comely maid)
Had caused her good man no regrets;
But cooked the meals and gave her aid
To daily mending of the nets.

Thus humbly was his life begun.
To this poor, lone, hard-working pair
His coming was a welcome one—
Making their lonely lives less bare;

And that bright, sunny, summer morn
When he appeared, they onward from,
Made eager efforts to adorn
Their cheerless little cabin-home.

The dull outside (unpainted since
Its building) soon wore coat of red;
The inner walls with paper prints
(Gifts of the village store) were spread.

The village children lent their aid,
And long, tough grasses of the moor
Were braided into mats and laid
Upon the little cabin floor.

BROWN STUDIES

With him as chiefest ornament
To brighten their life's dull routine,
His parents lived in calm content,
As happy as a king and queen.

Each day they rose before the sun,
And fed their fowls and milked their goats;
Then when the morning meal was done
They started for the fishing-boats,

The husband bearing on his back
The heavy nets; the wife with both
Arms full—one with her husband's snack,
The other with the babe; and loth

To stay behind, she ev'ry morn
Would watch the boats glide out to sea
And feel new joy that he was born
To keep her pleasant company.

And he was all the child they had.
The years went swiftly by. He grew
A hearty, robust, handsome lad.
At twelve the village school-ma'am knew

He'd learned all that she could impart.
Some far-off kin then sent him books;
He read and learned them all by heart.
At fifteen he was changed in looks.

BROWN STUDIES

II

His heart was waking to new things.

Each day he scanned the restless deep
And grudged the wild free birds their wings—
The passing ships their unchecked sweep;

Longing for that which he had not

Yet found within his narrow scope,
But which, by right were his, he thought.
His bosom swelled with joyous hope

To think that sometime he would be

A man, but not like those he knew.
He loved his parents well, but he
Must sometime bid them fond adieu

And go to some place far removed,

Where fortunes glittered (so to speak)
In new fields, lying all unproved
For those who cared to go and seek.

On week days he was happiest,

He helped his father with the fish,
Thus finding vent for his unrest;
But Sundays were his days to wish

For all those things as yet unfound.

Alone he strolled and dreamed and read.
The simple fisher-folks around
All wondered. "Queer lad!" many said.

His parents watched him day by day,
And, heedful of his restlessness,

BROWN STUDIES

Grew anxious and began to pray
Deep in their hearts for God to bless

Their handsome lad, and give to him
A cheerful and contented heart.
Ofttimes his mother's eyes were dim
With tears to see him sit apart

From all the village girls and boys—
Not caring for their simple sports;
Unsympathetic to the joys
The average youngster gladly courts.

And then at length a letter came,
And they who sent the books now wished
To see this lad of lofty aim
Who built air castles while he fished.

Of funds, they said, there was no dearth;
They wished to place him in a school
Known the world over for its worth,
Where thorough training was the rule.

They sent two hundred-dollar notes,
All his expenses to defray,
If he would leave the fishing boats
And come at once with them to stay.

Now, when this letter was all read,
There sat a much astonished three;
The father's heart then sank like lead;
The mother heaved a sigh, but he

BROWN STUDIES

Sprang to his feet and laughed with joy.
His parents knew the die was cast!
The time was coming when their boy
Would realize his dreams at last.

The father now would tend alone
The boats and sell the fish each day;
The mother would be sadder grown—
And lonely, with her boy away.

But naught of this e'er passed their lips.
They took him to a neighboring town
Whose harbor boasted many ships,
And ere the next day's sun went down,

He sailed away to heed the call
Of that for which his heart had yearned,
And those who loved him best of all
With heavy hearts homeward returned.

III

He sailed away, leaving behind
The one small corner of the earth
Which had been his, and did not mind
How lonely now was its home-hearth;

And, as he crossed the ocean plane,
Regret nor illness came to vex
His youthful body, heart or brain.
Daily he paced the steamer decks

BROWN STUDIES

And gloried in the great, new change
Of his own life. He made a few
Acquaintances among the strange
But friendly passengers and crew;

But only one of all he met
On shipboard seemed to understand
The lad who could so soon forget
His parents and his native land;

And that one was a gentleman
Whose well-bred air and fine-cut face
Proclaimed to all who cared to scan
The scion of a gentle race;

And he it was who loved to draw
In conversation all the best
Of the lad's nature, and who saw
With an increasing interest

Those indications hard to find
In one so youthful—the sincere
Strong purpose of a brilliant mind—
The blossom of a grand career—

The sparks of a new-kindled fire
Burning in an ambitious soul,
Fed by a hungering desire
For wealth and fame as final goal.

Then when this voyage 'cross the sea
Was well-nigh through, one day the lad

BROWN STUDIES

Discovered accidentally
That this man and his kinfolks had

Long been acquainted, and his friend
Now held in friendliest regard
Those who were, at his journey's end,
To greet him as their future ward.

And thus was fixed, still more and more,
'Twixt boy and man a friendship fast;
Then when the long voyage was o'er
The lad began to know at last

Fulfillment of his cherished schemes;
And entered the broad, flowery ways
Which ne'er before—save in his dreams—
Had spread themselves beneath his gaze;

The paths of learning, where ahead
Were many laurels yet unearned;
The gay haunts of the wealthy-bred,
With all their pleasures yet unlearned;

And all those labyrinths by which
Men of the world attain their ends,—
Winning renown, becoming rich,
Gaining position, love, and friends;

All these broad paths he entered, and
With healthful energy and zest
Untiring, and on ev'ry hand,
Encountered naught but vast success.

BROWN STUDIES

Twelve years passed. He was in his prime;
His life's vocation had long since
Been chosen, and the sands of time
Had favored him, bearing no prints

Of early poverty, or aught
To show his humble origin.
That, and his parents were forgot!
He now made ready to begin

The crowning triumph of his life—
The wooing of a handsome maid,
The winning of a wealthy wife.
Of failure he was not afraid.

IV

The kinfolks who had aided him
In gaining that which he desired
Had died within the interim
And left him all they had acquired;

So why should he feel fear? He knew
The value of his bank account.
Judged from a worldly point of view,
He was quite fit. He'd climbed the mount

Of his ambition, and could well
Brush weightier matters now aside,
To woo the handsome, haughty belle
Whom he had chosen for his bride.

BROWN STUDIES

She was the daughter of that friend
Whom he had met twelve years ago
Aboard ship, and who, at the end
Of their sea-voyage, brought to know

The wife—a cultured, stylish dame;
And daughter; then a household pet
Of ten, too shy to speak his name;
But now a vain, heartless coquette.

Of failure he need have no fears,
For, from the first was laid a plan
Which had been fostered all these years—
A scheme through which this maid and man

Would some day wed, thus furthering
Each mercenary interest.
He knew, and felt the shadowing
Of doubt, which sometimes came to rest

Upon his soul, yet did not heed
Those promptings of his conscience, nor
Attempt to lessen his great greed
For social prominence, and for

The wealth which each to each would bring;
The prestige which her noble name
And lineage would, through marrying,
Reflect upon himself. Wealth, fame,

These were the guiding stars that shone
On this man's path of life, wherein

BROWN STUDIES

Love had no place; and there was none
To give him warning. Bound to win,

Thus did he choose from her own gay
And giddy world his butterfly
Of fickle fashion; then one day
They were betrothed, and by-and-by,

With all the fine formalities
And showy ceremonials which
Are used among the families
Of that gay clique, the ultra-rich,

These two were wed. Then was begun
Their future fate as man and wife;
And he was proud of having won
All he had coveted in life.

Of fine appearance, sound in health,
Possessed of learning and a host
Of friends, a handsome wife, and wealth,
Less cultured man than he might boast

Of lesser victories achieved
In longer time. He was content
With inward plaudits, and believed
Himself quite happy. Then he spent

With his young wife a year abroad,
Seeing those things as yet unlearned—
The wondrous works of man and God;
One fleeting year, then they returned

BROWN STUDIES

(Both wiser grown in many ways)
To their old home and he and she
Both settled down to spend their days
As leaders of society!

And far away across the seas,
On either side a home's hearth-stone
With naught of joy save memories,
His parents sat—sad and alone.

V

Time then flew fast. First a small lad,
And then a lassie came to bless
His life and hers, and he was glad;
And, in the pride of his success,

He asked himself this question oft,
“What would I have that I have not?”
And deep down in his soul a soft
Voice answered him, “Have ye no thought

Of that which this world cannot give?
Know ye a certainty of joys
To come when mortals cease to live?”
But always did he hush the voice,

And ever did he seek some new
Sensation or experience.
Then as his son and daughter grew,
He lavished on them much expense.

BROWN STUDIES

Determined they should have the best
A wealthy father could afford,
They were well-fed, well-schooled, well-dressed;
And 'round them ceaselessly were poured

The-blessings youthful hearts e'er crave—
Amusements, books, and music; yet
At times this father's heart grew grave
With a newborn but large regret.

He knew that these two children lacked
That of which they stood most in need—
The ever-watchful care and tact
Of mother-love; for they indeed

Might well have been called motherless,
So little care she granted them.
Her entire life was spent in dress
And social joys. A sparkling gem

Held more of beauty to her eyes
Than children's faces, while men's chaff
And witless compliments and lies
Meant more to her ears than the laugh

Of happy childhood. Their young cheeks
Were so unused to being kissed
By mother-lips, that, for whole weeks,
She saw them not, yet was not missed!

Thus the whole training of the pair
Was trusted to a well-paid set

BROWN STUDIES

Of hirelings; and while doubtless there
Were some good souls among them, yet

They paid but very little heed
To moral education, and
They thought perhaps there was no need—
A high-born child would understand

Instinctively, without their aid,
The difference 'twixt right and wrong.
And so was the foundation laid
For future sorrow; and ere long

The father felt this sick'ning truth,
Yet could not remedy the fact:
The finest qualities of youth,
He found, were those his children lacked!

Truth, modesty, filial respect,
Honor and depth of character—
He claimed the right to thus expect
This much from them if not from her

Who was their mother, yet was not—
Who, posing as a social queen,
Neglected those of whom her thought
Should have been first. When just eighteen

The daughter was betrothed to one
Who had much money, but few brains,
And was soon wedded. Then the son
A fast-lived youth, who took no pains

BROWN STUDIES

To keep his dissipations hid
From the world's eyes or ears, and who
Had spent a fortune, at last did
The thing that he was sure to do!

Under the influence of wine,
And plunged in debts up to his neck,
Not only did he dare to sign
His father's name to a large check,

But took part in a gambling brawl
In which the party who began
The fuss was killed; and he of all
Was the accused and guilty man!

Thus did the father's griefs begin.
He saw his son before the bar
Of justice, charged with blackest sin—
Saw him convicted and sent far

Away to serve his penalty;
And then was brought unto his ears
Tales of his own wife's perfidy;
She'd been untrue to him for years,

And, with another, now had flown
Far from the scenes of their downfall
(But where by him was never known).
Then came the grief, to him, of all

The worst—his daughter—yet a bride,
Crazed by her own unhappiness

BROWN STUDIES

And family disgrace, had died
By her own hand! In his distress

He stood beside his dead child's tomb
And asked himself, "What need to live?
The world will miss not those to whom
The world has nothing more to give!"

His wealth was squandered; his good name
Was tarnished, and the one he most
Cared for was dead. Bowed down with shame,
He stood, confronted by the ghost

Of that first great mistake of his—
The forerunner of his ill luck:
Misplaced ambition. Ah, 'twas this
Which caused it all! His old-time pluck

Then 'roused itself. He tried to thrust
From him the mem'ry of his wife
And son, thinking there surely must
Be something yet for him in life.

VI

Thoughts of his parents filled his mind.
He'd go to them far, far away,
And leave this muddled life behind.
He longed to go—he could not stay.

Without a warning, was his plan,
To step inside their cabin door

BROWN STUDIES

Saying, "Your boy is now a man,
Who gladly comes to you once more;

For he is weary of the world
Behind, and deems it as well lost;
His soul is worn from being whirled
In seas of passion tempest-tossed;

With heart and brain both craving rest
He comes to ask of you the boon
Of shelter as a welcome guest,—
Such blessing cannot come too soon."

And then he pictured their surprise
To thus behold him standing there.
Glad tears would fill his mother's eyes;
His father's rugged face would wear
A smile of welcome. . . .

.
. Yes, he'd go!
With this new resolution formed,
His sluggish blood began to flow
More quickly, and his chilled heart warmed

To newly kindled fires of hope,
While memories, but late aroused,
Were given free and ample scope.
The place where he was fed and housed

Grew hateful more and more each day
He lingered there. When he at last,

BROWN STUDIES

With his belongings stole away,
He could but think of that day past

When he had left his boyhood's home
With something like this same relief,
Braving the briny ocean-foam—
For what? At last he knew the grief

His parents that day must have known,
When he—their one beloved child—
Left them all lonely and alone.
Remorse beset him. He was wild

With fierce impatience to be there
Amid those scenes once so despised.
Those dear ones now would be his care.
He ne'er before had realized

The cruelty and heartlessness
Of his past conduct toward these two;
But his atonement now would bless
Them both. 'Twas all that he could do.

Thus ran his thoughts the voyage through.
His own peculiar, sorry fate
Had wrought the change in him. He knew
And understood now, though 'twas late,

Such agonies as might have been
Unknown—regrets which might have lain
Inert, had death, disgrace, and sin
Not caused his heart to feel the pain—

BROWN STUDIES

So hard to bear—so hard to heal
When cherished idols turn to dust!
That pain which only parents feel
He now felt, knowing 'twas but just.

The voyage ended. All enthused
With his new mission, he made haste
To seek the hamlet which he used
To call his home. The barren waste

Of land through which his pathway lay,
Was still as desolate as when
His steps were turned the other way
So long ago. Expecting then

To see such changes as are wrought
Sometimes by time, he reached the place,
And found it the same quiet spot.
With eager eyes and quickened pace

He walked toward the humble hut
Standing apart and wearing still
Its coat of once red brilliance, but
Now dingy hue. The window-sill

On either side boasted a pot
Of blooming flowers. His heart now kept
Time with his steps. The garden-plot
Showed recent care. The ivy crept

BROWN STUDIES

Around the doorstep just the same
As in the past. As he drew nigh
The door flew ope--a buxom dame
Regarded him with questioning eye.

VII

Suspicion marked her attitude.
What curious stranger now was this
Who walked up to her door and stood
As if the house and all were his?

Her sharp-voiced queries soon awoke
The man from his strange lethargy;
Then he removed his hat and spoke
The necessary inquiry.

And this is what the woman said:
"Are you their son? Can it be true?
Too late!--your parents are both dead.
We tried to send the news to you

Three times, but always 'twas returned.
'Tis two years since your mother died.
Your father pined and grieved and yearned
For her six months. Now side by side

They lie in yonder burial-place,
And you, who left them here alone
So many years, had best retrace
Your steps,—and let it not be known

BROWN STUDIES

That you are here, for you must know
These fisher-folks think very ill
Of you, and would soon tell you so.
Avoid their curses and ill-will

And go enjoy your friends and pelf!
Your parents both died blessing you.
I nursed and tended them myself,
And did for them what I could do.

They left me this," (waving a hand
To indicate the small homestead).
" 'Tis ample payment for me, and
You can do nothing for your dead

That I have not already done."
Then with a sudden, swift remorse
Her voice softened: "So you're their son!
You don't remember me of course,—

I, too, have changed. When a wee wench
'Twas you I worshipped from afar
As you sat reading on yon bench.
I know you now for what you are,

And only pity you. Out there"
(Pointing a finger towards the sea)
"Is my good man, but I've two fair
Sons who've not yet deserted me!"

"Forbear, good woman! I cannot
Endure much more," he hoarsely cried;
"Go with me—show me to the spot
Where they are lying side by side."

BROWN STUDIES

When they had reached the spot he found
The graves both green and neatly kept—
A modest stone marking each mound.
He threw himself face down and wept

For shame, for grief, and for despair.
Then, as the shades of night drew nigh,
He left once more the hamlet, where
Was neither welcome nor good-by.

And then began the bitt'rest part
Of life that he as yet had known.
Weary of body, sick of heart,
Homeless and friendless and alone,

He wandered here and wandered there—
Careless that funds were growing low;
Finding no comfort anywhere.
Then he decided he would go

Back to his old-time residence,
The city where he once did dwell
In gilded ease and opulence.
His erstwhile friends, he knew full well,

Would scarcely recognize in him
The proud, ambitious gentleman
Of olden days. His eyes grew dim
With tears at first, then he began

To nurse an anger deep and dark
'Gainst those who once sat 'round his board—

BROWN STUDIES

Men of the world who made their mark
As high as he yet were not lowered,

But worshipped still their gods of gold;
And women, frivolous and vain
As they were fair and cruel-cold
To all the suffering and pain

Of those low in the social scale.
Well did he know himself to be
Forever now beyond the pale
Of what they called "society."

All hypocrites they were at most;
But a determination grim
Beset him. He would face the host
Of old-time friends!—'twould prove to him

If there was one good hypocrite,
Just one! to grasp his hand and smile,
And lift him from the darksome pit
Of his despair. After awhile

There came his chance. He reached the place
From which he (six months back) had fled.
He saw each old friend face to face,
And one by one they cut him dead!

Bereft of family and wealth,
Owning no roof but heaven's dome,
Broken in spirit and in health,
He sought a poor man's humble home,

BROWN STUDIES

And begged a place beneath his roof,
For which he paid a paltry sum
Per week, and there he lived—sad proof
Of what a great man may become!

And as the chilly autumn wind
Grew more severe he grew more gaunt,
And though his humble friends were kind
He often felt the sting of want.

Mid scenes of poverty forlorn,
With naught of princely pomp or pride,
One summer morning he was born—
One stormy winter night he died.

BROWN STUDIES

A PAIR OF DREAMS

A SONG-TITLE DREAM

Once, In the Silent Hours of Night,
I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls,
Where Bygone Days and youth's delight
As shadows were on mem'ry's walls;
For ah, methought that I had crossed
A golden bridge—The Bridge of Sighs,
And Far Away were you, and lost
Was love.

Then out 'neath starlit skies,
Methought, Alone, yet not Alone,
All in a Garden Fair I stood;
It Seemed that the Pale Moon Sadly Shone
In Sympathy with my sad mood.
“Oh, Were I but a Moonlight's Ray,
I'd back where Love Abides,” said I;
“If Sighs had Wings how swift away
My messengers to love would fly!”

And in my dream the hours were long—
The Sweetest Story ever Told
Was done—and hushed Love's Old Sweet Song;
Then, Just across the Bridge of Gold,
I, Looking Back, saw you once more,
And quickly did my soul rejoice;
You stood in Loveland—on its shore—
Although So Far Away, your voice

BROWN STUDIES

Brought to my strained and list'ning ear
A message I can ne'er forget;
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear,
"All's Well! I Live and Love Thee Yet!"
My heart then with Repentance fraught,
From choosing wrong twixt Love and Pride,
Leaped as I Never Would Have Thought.
"My Love is Calling me," I cried,

"Why Among the Shadows longer yearn,
When love is All the World to Me?
Across the Bridge I'll now return."
Alas! It Was Not Thus to Be,
For, when I sought to cross The Bridge,
I found it was no longer there;
My eyes then sought the moonlit ridge
Where you had stood, and found it bare

Save for the stealthy waves that crept
Athwart its once untroubled sands.
"It is The Last Good-night," I wept
Despairingly and wrung my hands;
And swift and sudden as I spoke
The world grew barren of all gleam
Of light. In terror I awoke—
So glad to find It Was a Dream.

SEQUEL TO A SONG-TITLE DREAM

Last night I hearkened Jessie's Dream,
And of all Jingles, Jokes, and Rhymes
That dreamers give us, it did seem
The most unique; but I, at times,

BROWN STUDIES

Have also had some visions queer,
And fain would tell as well if I
But had the power. Sweet Jessie, Dear
Inspires me with, "Why Don't You Try?"

And so I will—Coax Me no more!
I'm but a Merry Farmer's Boy,
'Tis true, but till Life's Dream is O'er
Dreaming will ever bring me joy.
'Twas Just One Year ago to-day
This dream began which I now tell,
And you—a Little Girl in Gray—
Was drawing water from a well;

And I, my heart all pit-a-pat
With boyish admiration quelled,
Was Teasing for a draught from that
Old Oaken Bucket which you held;
And Just for Sociability,
Then, side by side, we both did quaff
The water Ah! so Pure! Then we
United in a merry laugh;

And your sweet Message of the Eyes
Changed me straightway from boy to man,
Filling my heart with sweet surprise;
'Twas thus The Lover's Dream began,
And since, while wand'ring here and there,
I'm Dreaming of my Darling's Face;
Your Lips, Your Eyes, Your Golden Hair
In visions follow me apace,

BROWN STUDIES

Till I have come with heart awhirl,
To crave from you another boon—
I Want You for My All-time Girl
E'er wanes again yon fair June Moon;
And Just Because I Love You So,
My Dear, and just Because You're You,
How much I want you, you will know
Some Day—Some Day When Dreams Come
True;

So whisper softly in my ear
And tell me when that day will be;
Smile On Me with Your Eyes so Dear
Now, and For all Eternity.

.
I Hear a Whisper in the Air—
'Tis Love's Reply, and quick does make
My dream so much more wondrous fair,
I care not ever to awake.

BROWN STUDIES

CLIPPINGS FROM AN OLD MAID'S DIARY

I

A schoolgirl slender, shy, and "sweet sixteen,"
With eyes as blue as yon blue skies above,
Ringlets of gold in soft and silken sheen,
And heart as guileless as a turtle-dove;
No thought had she of lovers, or of love
Till Tom appeared one day upon the scene,
Then, presto!—now what can the dear child mean
As in her diary she writes thereof?

"I know now what the tender passion is!
I am a queen and I have met my king!
Tom loves me—he is mine and I am his;
But what will papa say, I'm wondering—
And mamma too? Ah! would they be en-
raged
To know that Tom and I are now engaged?"

II

Another careless year behind her lies.
Less shy, but fuller-formed and redder-lipped
Is she, but still a schoolgirl. Pa was wise—
Her "tender passion" in its bud was nipped

BROWN STUDIES

Remorselessly, and Tom, "her king," has
skipped
Away, leaving "his queen" to tears and sighs;
Then Dick comes, and she wipes her tearful eyes
And writes thus in her private manuscript:

"Dear Dick and I have planned how some fine
day
We will elope. (Dick's handsome but he's
not
A dollar,—but what's money, anyway,
Compared to love in some dear little cot?)
On bread and cheese and kisses we will live,
Trusting that some day papa will forgive."

III

Now one more year is gone, and she is through
With schoolbooks. As a "sweet girl graduate"
She's had her say (and looked most charming too)!
And then—all eager to investigate
The flowery paths of Fashion that await
Her footsteps, she, amid a great ado
Of social meteors, makes her debut.
Then Harry comes. She writes thus of her fate:

"Harry does say the sweetest things to me!
I adore a man who's good at compliment.
He's handsome too. I rather think we'd be
A striking couple. If pa will consent,
I think when Harry asks me I'll say yes;
Then life for us will be all happiness."

BROWN STUDIES

IV

Three more years pass and she is twenty-one,—
Tom, Dick, and Harry are things of the past.
She thinks she's been a little simpleton,
And settles down to good, sound sense at last.
Offers of marriage have come thick and fast
But prudent grown, she has accepted none;
Deeming herself most worthy to be won,
'Tis thus her thoughts on paper now are cast:
"I've just decided to give Charlie up.
Handsome is he, but poor as a church-mouse.
I'll make a brilliant marriage yet, I hope,
And be the mistress of some lordly house.
My own attractiveness is evident;
I can afford to wait and be content."

V

Another year goes by. Her life still teems
With social joys and fashionable delights.
At twenty-one she meets with one who deems
Her as his soul's true mate, and he invites
Her now to share with him the hard-earned heights
His intellect has won. At times he seems
To be the hero of her maiden-dreams;
But there is something lacking, so she writes
Of her decision in that book of books—
Her diary: "I've just refused poor Ned.
I know he's wealthy, and I like his looks,
And I know, too, he's clever and well-bred;
But he is far too prosy and lacks style.
I'm sure to meet the right one after 'while.'"

BROWN STUDIES

VI

The next two years are passed in ceaseless quest
Of that "right one," while traits, till now, inert
Within her nature spring to life. The zest
Of her admirers wanes. She—e'er alert—
Perceives the change. Her vanity is hurt.
Bound to arouse anew their interest,
She trifles with men's hearts and now, as best,
Is looked upon as an outrageous flirt!

And thus she writes her inmost thoughts once more:
"I wonder why I'm still unmarried now,
And why 'he' never comes! I'm twenty-four!
I believe I've been a fool, but, anyhow,
My next offer I'll quick as light'ning flash,
Accept, (that is, if he has got the cash)!"

VII

At twenty-five her air is not so gay,
At twenty-six her cheeks are not so pink.
The scarcity of lovers she, each day,
Now realizes, and begins to think
Cash is not indispensable. The brink
Of spinsterhood is now not far away.
At twenty-eight she hopes that yet she may
Have one more offer, and with pen and ink

Writes down her maiden hopes, without a fear:
"I mean to wed as soon now as I can.
A quiet marriage, then the cosy cheer
Of my own home—the love of a good man,
And little children playing 'round the fire—
This is my fondest dream and my desire."

BROWN STUDIES

VIII

At twenty-nine she finds herself surprised.

Another year has glided swiftly by
And still her dream remains unrealized.

She feels so bad about it she could cry!
She never has an offer now, and why?
With all her manly friends she's sympathized,
And danced, and chatted, and sometimes advised,—
But vainly. Then she thinks, "No use to try!"

And thus at thirty, in her diary

She writes: "I'm so unhappy—I'm afraid
I'll never find the right one now. Dear me,
I'll die if anyone calls me 'old maid!' "
Then in her great despair and restlessness,
She spends more time and care upon her dress.

IX

At thirty-two she gives up dancing, "For
(She writes) "at all the balls that I attend,
The men are such poor partners. I abhor
Bad dancing, and I hate to snub a friend.
I've pondered o'er it, and now, at the end,
Am sure I'll either have to snub them, or
Not go. I'll choose the latter method nor
Will I regret it." Then things of this trend

She also writes at age of thirty-three:

"I wonder why a man is such a fool!
He'll leave at all times the society
Of women sensible, and as a rule
Prefers a corner, where for hours he'll sit
And flirt with some impertinent young chit."

BROWN STUDIES

X

At thirty-four she hears some startling news:

Her lifelong friend (her own age) is to be
Soon wedded to a wealthy bachelor whose

Regard she once did crave (but secretly).
The bosom friend is interviewed and she
Declares she wouldn't be in that friend's shoes
For worlds! A wordy quarrel then ensues
In which they both agree to disagree;

Then, in the sacred precincts of her room

She writes once more the secrets of her soul,
And pities all her women-friends for whom

Marriage, it seems, is the life-given role:
"They're mostly married now while I'm still free,
But wait awhile, we'll see what we will see."

XI

And she does find much comfort in the woes

And sad misfortunes that come now and then
To married people, although some of those
Are her best friends. She's rated all the men,
And pitied women o'er and o'er again
Till with good reason one might now suppose,
As time goes on, her friends would turn to foes;
Not so! They all forgive her, and lo! when

She's reached the good ripe age of thirty-six,

Her private writings tell how she decides
To mind her own affairs and no more mix

BROWN STUDIES

In other people's! Hence, she now abides
In peace—a fine old maid with not
A care on earth, and contented with her lot.

XII

(WHAT SHE WILL PROBABLY WRITE TEN YEARS HENCE)

“By my own fireside with my dog and cat,
 (Not burdened either with false friends or pelf)
I sit as I so many times have sat
 Thinking of Life and Fate (the fickle elf)!
With cheer in plenty on my pantry shelf
 And WELCOME always gracing my doormat
 For those who seek me, (and thank God for that)!
I smile contentedly and ask myself:

“‘What have I ever yet found to regret
 Along the path of life's appointed role?’
And my reply is, ‘Not one thing!’ and yet
 I know deep down within my inmost soul
I'd not so dread the shady side of life,
Were I but someone's mother—someone's wife!’”

BROWN STUDIES

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES

JUNE TIME

A warm, sweet night in June;
A paling, waning moon,
 Low in the sky;
A farmhouse portico
Where climbing roses grow;
 And you and I
By diff'rences beset,
Are unrelenting met
 To say good-by.

Rich scent of fruit and flowers
From trees and garden bowers;
 Soft winds that sway
The rustling eglantine;
Two voices (yours and mine)
 Eager to say
Our doom—in fierce unrest—
Agreeing that 'tis best
 To part for aye!

A meeting of cold lips;
A touch of finger tips;
 (A heart like stone)!
A tear upon your cheek

BROWN STUDIES

My sorrow to bespeak
And you are gone!
Will you return? . . . Too late!
In vain I watch and wait—
I am alone.

.
O foolish, stubborn youth
That chooses to leave truth
Thus all unspoke!
Oh, strong and cruel will
That can so trifle till
Two hearts are broke!
Dear, I was in the wrong—
I know it now, and long
To tell you so.
Your love was pure and true—
I'm sorrowing but you
Will never know.

.
To —————
Only a memory—
Lines dim with age, you see,
But ah, so true!
Yon shines the same pale moon,
And many a fragrant June
(Since our adieu)
Has come and gone, and yet
Never will I forget
That night and you.

BROWN STUDIES

THE SCHOOLMA'AM'S VACATION

From the busy life of a worker to the idleness of a
guest;
From cares that fret to joys new-met;
From drudgery to rest;
From duties that bind and vex the mind,
To the blue, blue sky and the summer wind;
From dingy walls to boughs that bless
My laziness!

From the narrow aisles of the school-room to the
meadowland stretching wide;
From endless books to grassy nooks;
From desk to river-side;
From voices that ring with questioning
To the ripening fields where the glad larks sing;
From dull dry facts to dreams that throng
With love and song!

From a teacher weary of teaching to a student by
Nature taught;
From pens and ink to bowers pink with roses fragrance-
fraught;
From days that can mean but dull routine
To cool garden-walls where the lilies lean;
From all things else to thy sweet charm—
O Valley Farm!

BROWN STUDIES

OCTOBER

Once more she is here, the fair rival of June,
And her coming is wondrous as ever,
For her footsteps are timed to a glorious tune—
The tune that we tire of never;
A song of the cheer she, ev'ry year,
Has never yet failed to bring with her,
And the old-time charm for town or farm
As she gaily comes tripping hither.

Russet and yellow and scarlet leaves;
Vines where the clust'ring wild grapes cling;
Harvests of apples and golden sheaves;
Fragrance as sweet as the breath of spring.

Was ever a summer so charming as this
Sweet time of autumnal surprises?
How warm blow the breezes, yet soft as a kiss!
Such sunsets and such sunrises!
Through meadows, by burns, in fields of ferns,
We wander in moods more sober,
And mid the gleam of gold we dream
The dreams that belong to October.

Never had summer such gorgeous dress—
Never such brilliance at morn or noon;
Therefore October in loveliness
Certainly outvies her rival June.

BROWN STUDIES

THE MORNING SONG

There's a dear little bird in the old cherry tree
Just outside my window, that sings to me
In the quiet hours of the early morn
A song that is full of a hope newborn.
I have hearkened the notes so wild and free,
Till my heart is attuned to its minstrelsy,
And all summer long, 'twas the same sweet song
Of cheer and good comradery.

Oh, it sang of the fruit hanging red on the trees,
The ripening grain and the grassy leas,
The fragrant blossoms with dew impearled,
The children who come to brighten the world,
The wonderful mountains, the healthful breeze,
The beauty and grandeur of mighty seas;
Such, so it seems, were the chosen themes
Of these birdsong melodies.

But in summer that tree was a green, green tower—
A beautiful shelter from sun or shower
For the resting-place of that tiny bird
Whose song is the sweetest I've ever heard.
Now the green has vanished with ev'ry flower,
And the tree is changed to a red and gold bower,
Where the bird still sings, and each morn still brings
New joy to my waking hour.

Oh, dear little bird in your bower so gay,
You have made October as sweet as May;

BROWN STUDIES

But the leaves of your bower will soon turn brown,
Then the winds of November will bring them down,
And the morning will dawn, all bleak and gray,
When I'll waken to find you have flown away;
But 'twill bring no pain, for the song will remain
 In my heart forever and aye.

MAY 8, 1910

Acrostic

My soul to-day knows naught but memories—
Environments of youth—clear sparkling streams,
Meadows, and lanes, and field-paths, bright with gleams
Of glorious summer sunshine; vines and trees
Rustling their low responses to the breeze;
Inwreathing blossoms; songs of birds; it seems
Each moment brings to me, in golden dreams,
Sweet scenes, sweet scents, and sweet sounds such as
 these.

Melt not away, dear dreams! I see the face
Of that dear one whom I've not seen for long—
The face of her whose love blessed the home-place.
Hark, now I hear her voice!—an old-time song—
Each note a benison to cheer my way—
Restful and sweet and fitting to the day.

BROWN STUDIES

A PROLOGUE

Time never did begin and never ends;
It is—and e'er has been and e'er will be
An omnipresent vast eternity,
Wherein each moment (though unheeded) lends
Something to life that either mars or mends;
Each day, gliding away so silently
And swiftly, is an anniversary
For gladness or regrets.

And so, my friends,
Let us now pause at this auspicious hour
Wherein so many pasts and futures meet,
And while the bells ring out so loud and clear,
Resolve to overthrow with all our power
The ghosts of past mistakes, and gladly greet
The opportunities of this New Year.

January 1, 1911.

ACROSTIC

How thrills the heart of him who, after years
Of wandering, decides no more to roam!
Music of voices long unheard now fills his ears,
Echos of vanished joys, yet tokens of sweet home!

BROWN STUDIES

DIVIDING LINES

A shy sweet time of mingled rhyme,
A low, soft interlude;
A tender tune 'twixt morn and noon,
When Childhood and Womanhood
Meet on the banks of Time's swift stream,
Pause, hesitate as in a dream,
 Gazing in thoughtful mood;
One must away and one may stay—
 There's naught to interlude.

Lo, as they stand in wonder and
 In doubt, from yonder wood
Love doth appear, and drawing near,
 Sweet Love now doth interlude.
Time beckons, ever flowing on;
Behold! Childhood is vanished—gone!
 Love, be it understood;
Hath gained the day to hold full sway
 With beauteous Womanhood.

ACROSTIC

Bread to the hungry lips; wine to the weak;
Oasis to the weary eye that looks
On desert wastes for long; boon to lone souls who seek
Kindly companionship—sweet sympathy to bespeak;
So is to me the blessed comradery of books.

BROWN STUDIES

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

I've a pleasant recollection
Of a quiet farming section
In a certain valley that I used to know,
Where with slow but sure gradation
I began my education
In the land of Far-away and Long-ago.

And the place where I was entered
As a student was well centered,
Standing on a strip of pasture flat and low,
Where the country lads and lasses
Romped around among the grasses,
And the grazing cattle wandered to and fro.

Oh, how well do I remember
How each year, I, from September,
With my dinner-pail trudged miles in rain or
snow
Until June roses were blooming;
But let no one be presuming
There was e'er a time I didn't want to go.

Pumpkin College (I'll be candid)
Was the name the school was handed
At the time 'twas built, and neither friend
nor foe
E'er expressed a wish to change it,
Although someone did arrange it
Into plain P. C.—for brevity, I trow.

BROWN STUDIES

And we had all sorts of teachers—
Smart young men and fair girl-creatures,
And for sake of change, a cross old
 maid or so;
But they each one did their duty—
And we learned! That was the beauty
Of the good old-fashioned schools of long ago!

Those were days of “yes, ma’am,” “no,
 ma’am,”
“Please may I speak?” and “May I go,
 ma’am?”

And when classes to recite stood in a row.
Then if rules should go unheeded
And a punishment be needed,
That was what the teacher hastened to bestow.

“Jogfry,” history, and grammar
Patiently they all did hammer,
The way we learned the three R’s was
 not slow—

Oh, we stored up useful knowledge
By the peck at Pumpkin College
In the land of Far-away and Long-ago.

BROWN STUDIES

THE TRUE INTERPRETER

Who is the one of the dwellers on earth
That in seasons of sadness or of mirth,
In palace or hovel, from short to shore,
'Mongst beautiful faces the wide world o'er,
Finds graces more lovely and charms more rare
In the face of a child unspoiled by care?
Oh, 'tis he who has toiled with a parent's pride
Or she who has prayed by the cradle-side.

Who understands it, the heart of that child,
So innocent, pure, and undefiled?
'Tis he who has hearkened the laughter gay
Of his own happy little ones at play—
Or she who has sat in the twilight deep
Rocking and crooning her babes to sleep.
Oh, the heart of a child, with its joys and woes,
Only a father or mother knows.

BROWN STUDIES

THE THREE GRACES

Acrostic

Fresh, sweet, and cool the west winds come and go
And wander here and there and to and fro.
I see them not, and yet I know they blow!
Thus in life's purpose would appear no wraith
Had we but this same certitude of faith.

How fair the rays of winter sun now fall
Over the rain-wet grasses of yon slope!
Peerlessly bright so comes to my sad soul
Ever the golden glimmerings of hope.

Charity—cov'ring for a host of sins!—
How good to meet with it amongst the ins
And outs of life where oft lurks calumny!
Rare is that one of us who would not say
It was, will be, and is—to cheer our way—
The grace most needed by humanity,
Yesterday and to-morrow and to-day.

BROWN STUDIES

TOWN AND COUNTRY DREAMS

By two firesides brightly gleaming
Sit two women, each one dreaming
Of the days of long ago too quickly spent;
 And each deems the past more pleasant
 Than the busy, dizzy present,
And their hearts are filled with bitter discontent.

One's a dweller in the city,
And her home is small but pretty—
Just a grassy plot and cosy bungalow;
 But she don't want such near neighbors,
 And no matter how she labors
'Tis not like the dear old home she used to know.

For she was a farmer's daughter
Till a city lad besought her
To become his ever true and loving wife,
 Which she did with zest and laughter,
 And was sorry ever after,
For she found she did not like a city life.

Now the children that came to her,
It would seem, might help to woo her
Into paths of sweet contentment; but not so!
 'Tis for sake of their sweet childhood
 She longs for the country wildwood
And a home like that old home she used to know.

But her husband works for wages,
And it seems to her as ages

BROWN STUDIES

Since the time when they could e'er afford a day
Just to spend in pure enjoyment.

Then the times of "no employment"
Also help to make her thoughts moody and gray.

In the country dwells the other;
She too is a wife and mother,
And her husband is "the man behind the hoe."
Their farmhouse is wide and roomy,
But she thinks it very gloomy,
For 'tis not the dear old home she used to know.

She was once a city maiden,
And her pathways had been laden
With the pleasures that belong to city life;
But a country laddie wooed her,
And henceforth "misunderstood" her,
For she did not want to be a farmer's wife!

'Tis to her a tribulation
That her children's education
Must be trusted to a country school, and oh,
As she rests now from her labors
How she longs for "next door neighbors"
And a home like that old home she used to know.

She could stand the work, if only
She were not so very lonely;
And it seems her husband cannot spare a day
Just to spend in pure enjoyment.
'Tis continuous employment
That has helped to make her thoughts moody and gray.

BROWN STUDIES

So by these two firesides gleaming
These two women still sit dreaming,
Till the bright noonday of life is quickly spent;
And their homes that might be pleasant
Are the scenes of ever-present
Bickerings, disputes, and ditter discontent.

Why, dear hearts, such useless fretting
For those things you can't be getting?
Seize the joy that daily in your pathway lies,
And you'll instantly discover
Home is home the wide world over
And 'tis up to you to make it paradise.

THE HOME CITY

Acrostic

Yonder thy namesake's crest towers gleaming,
O, thou City Beautiful!
Under the golden sunshine streaming,
Lucidly calm, thy sea lies dreaming,
Lazily kissed by the breezes cool.

Lawn and park and garden vying
In a blossomy perfume;
Knoll and nook and terrace lying—
Evidence of brilliant bloom.

Thou hast been home, and thou shalt still be,
And thou art called, and ever will be,
City of Destiny.
Oh, how with pride thy beauties fill me!
My homesick heartstrings, how they'd thrill me
Afar were I from thee!

BROWN STUDIES

AFTER DINNER DREAMS

'Tis the hour just after dining.
In two easy chairs reclining,
Each with feet perched on the table of his den,
Lost in pipe-dream variations
And cigar smoke cogitations,
At the good ripe age of forty, sit two men.

One's a husband and a father
Cumbered with the cost and bother
Of a business, and a house, and children three,
And a wife with tastes expensive;
So he ponders, quite defensive,
And at times he almost wishes he were free.

If he only had stayed single!
He can almost hear the jingle
Of the coin he'd have in plenty ev'ry day!
And life might be just as cheerful—
Anyway, 'tis simply fearful,
Just to think of all the bills he has to pay.

Telephone, gas, light, and water,
Singing lessons for his daughter;
Groceries and meat and laundry bills galore!
Then the milkman and the baker,
And the tailor and dressmaker—
Oh, it fairly makes him blue to count them o'er!

Big assessments, too, and taxes.
While the earth turns on its axis

BROWN STUDIES

Such as he must hustle just the best he can;
Then his thoughts begin to wander
And he, calmer grown and fonder,
Knows he'd not exchange his place with any man.

Wife (bless the little woman)
Makes mistakes (to err is human);
But she's just the sweetest wife a man could get;
And Marie, Jack, and the baby—
They're a bit expensive, maybe,
But he's glad he's got the darlings, yes, you bet!

And how goes it with the other?
He lives with his "dear, old mother"
Having firmly vowed "no wedding bells for him!"
So now as he smokes and ponders
Over this and that, he wonders
Why his life of late seems barren of all vim.

Nothing's quite as he expected
After all. He's quite dejected—
Mother's growing old, he'll soon be left alone;
And the thought is most distressful.
His career has been successful
In a business way, but what's the use of own-
Ing so much cash with none to spend it?
Life's so dull he fain would end it!
There were lots of girls he could have had, you bet!
But he waited long in choosing.
Then at last he falls to musing
O'er the girls he would have had, but couldn't get.
Would he really be more happy
As a husband and a pappy?

BROWN STUDIES

Is the question that he asks himself, and he,—
After all the years he's tarried—
Almost wishes he were married
And the father of a little family.

Then he spies the evening papers
And reads all the sporting capers,
Notices of births and deaths and newly wed,
Lengthy woman's rights discourses,
And a long list of divorces;
Then he smiles contentedly and goes to bed.

AFTER RAIN

What is so rare as a day after a fall-rain in Washington! And June roses are still blooming.—*Tacoma Daily Ledger*, September 20, 1910.

Throughout the world to seek would be in vain
'Mongst Nature's beauties, for there's naught so
rare

As this—a day spent in the open air,
Where, all night long, the passive earth has lain
Cooled and refreshed by heavy autumn rain;
Made sweet, as if in June, by roses fair
And rich with ripened fruits, from ev'rywhere
Sending forth spicy fragrances.

I fain

Would linger long in pathways such as these
And deem the halcyon hours as time well spent;
Courting the fond caress of wind and sun,
The sympathy of flowers and grass and trees,
Blest with the fresh new hope, the calm content
Of an autumn day in western Washington.

A DAY'S RECKONING

What is woman's life
When Destiny's keen-edged knife,
Cleaving chaotic night away,
Reveals a tremulous Break o' Day,
 And golden grows the sky?
Kisses, slumber, calm content,
Small eyes that gaze in wonderment;
Fond mother-prayers to heaven sent,
And low lullabies, breathed tenderly;
Thus is Innocence, Truth, and Purity
 With Faith eternal blent,
While the angels watch on high,
 And golden grows the sky.

What is woman's life
When Youth's dewy joys are rife—
When the brow of Morning, just begun,
Is warmly kissed by the rising sun,
 And rosy is the sky?
Music, mirth, and laughter gay;
A little work, a deal of play,
And dreaming of idle hours away;
While yon broad vista stretches bright,
Viewed ever thus, in the rosy light
 Of Hope's eternal ray.
Oh, the shining moments fly
 When rosy is the sky!

BROWN STUDIES

What is woman's life
As maiden and as wife,
When Morn has changed to burning Noon,
And passion's storm-clouds dim too soon

The azure of the sky?

Draughts of pleasure, rich and rare,
Mutt'rings of doubt and clouds of care,
Fears, blasted hopes, storms of despair—
Then lo! a haven of welcome rest,
With balm for weary hearts depressed,
And Love eternal there,
While the years glide swiftly by,
And azure is the sky.

What is woman's life
When ends the day's long strife
And she, serene in the fading light,
Awaits the swift on-coming night

While dull-gray is the sky?

Lurking shadows, dense and deep,
All silently around her creep,
While mem'ries long, long vigils keep;
Then, when the last good-night is said,
How welcome is the narrow bed,

Eternal Peace, and Sleep!

'Tis beautiful thus to die,

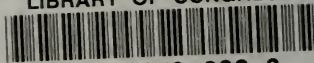
When dull-gray is the sky.

DEC 18 1911

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

DEC 18 1911

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 873 206 3